

the voyageur



1950-51

the voyageur

VOLUME XXIV

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To
J. A. "Daddy" Maitland
loyal friend of Pickering College
and member of its staff since 1927
this volume is most affectionately dedicated.
"Be God's man and no power can stop you."

To "Daddy" Maitland

from an Address by Joseph McCulley, M.A., at Pickering College,

May 5th, 1951.

THE STORY IS A SIMPLE ONE. It goes back to 1927 and the dream of a "Canadian" school, where education of mind, heart, and hand could combine to produce the cultured man.

It was my good fortune — yours and that of Pickering College — that there was a J. A. Maitland available. He was a craftsman, one whom the Bible describes as "a workman who needed not to be ashamed". He had already had experience in a residential school. And then, at a time when most men would already have been thinking of retirement, he joined the team of callow youths who handled the academics (our average age was 22 - 23!) He gave dignity, experience and maturity to our little group.

You all came to know Mr. Maitland—I've always called him that. He was my senior, my elder, my better and my preceptor in more ways than he will ever know. But you referred to him as Daddy and, as is so often the case, your schoolboy instinct was right! He was in very truth a "daddy" to all.

Of only two of his qualities would I speak, both of them Quaker qualities. There is in him a transparent honesty, neither subtle nor complicated but as honest as the good wood with which he worked. He has always abhorred the false, the phony, the meretricious; a job done by Daddy is done to endure. What a lesson for us in this day when we think that a coat of paint will cover deficiencies of workmanship and put our trust in outward appearance and glittering show. Here is an honest man—what higher tribute can we pay?

Then I would speak of his tolerance, from which stemmed his infinite patience. He didn't always agree with the young "buckoos" who were his colleagues and at times he approved less of the antics of some of you, his students. But he tolerated us all because he loved us and was patient beyond measure because he always hoped that we would find the better way—in spite of our lapses from the paths he deemed proper.

And so, while others have come and gone, Daddy has stayed on. He didn't retire, but merely cut down a bit on his hours and relaxed a few of his earlier responsibilities. You couldn't keep him away from this hilltop. His life is a golden thread which binds the school generations together. On that day when the Headmaster no longer sees Daddy Maitland trekking up the back road to the workshop, Pickering College will be the poorer!

We hope that day will never come. Come though it will, the tradition that is Pickering College will always be the richer for his contribution to it . . .

For your creed, Daddy Maitland, expressed in your thoughts, words and actions, we thank you and salute you.



Ashley and Crippen

R. E. K. Rourke, M. A. (Harvard)

Six

the headmaster's message

Some Thoughts for the Graduates

NOT LONG AGO I came upon a quotation from Will Durant's '*The Mansions of Philosophy*'. It seems to me to carry a special message for those who are leaving Pickering College to tackle new problems. Here's what Durant says:

"Do not require too much of the universe; there are other demands made upon it which may conflict with yours. You are a part of the whole, and every other part will expect you to remember it. Ask too much and it shall not be given you; knock too loudly and it shall not be opened unto you; seek impatiently and you shall not find Perhaps if you could see the entirety you would perceive, like Job, that the order of the planets is more important than your sores.

Cultivate your garden. Do not place your happiness in distant lands or in grandly imagined tasks; do well what you can do, until you can do greater things as well."

This is good, sound stuff for you to think about. You have made some preparations for your new tasks. It is to be hoped that these preparations have been made as a basis for service rather than for self-seeking. The measure of our civilization is the measure of our ability to think unselfishly, to value fairly our personal desires and our social responsibilities. To think too much of our rights and too little of our duties is to court disaster. "Ask too much and it shall not be given to you."

Every Headmaster is familiar with the Old Boy who returns to his school complaining about life — the Old Boy who has knocked too loudly and sought too impatiently. When graduates expect too much, they may have been spoiled by their school. I hope that Pickering College hasn't spoiled you.

"Cultivate your garden." Make the most of your gifts, and don't be heartsick over achievements that can never be yours. You must prepare for great responsibilities by being faithful in little things. No employer will be deceived by the promise, 'I'll improve when the job gets bigger'.

You must be ready to take the bitter with the sweet. There may be tasks that offer no unpleasantness, no dishwashing, but I do not know of them. A great teacher once said: "He is indeed a fortunate man who spends 50% of his time doing what he wants to do." Don't demand too much of your job.

There is my message: don't demand too much. The spirit of Pickering urges you to make modest demands, but to give full measure.

Robert E. K. Rourke.

savour the salt

DRINK IN THE FLEETING MOMENTS of clarity when a commonplace event impresses you with the infinite possibilities of its existence—when you suddenly perceive its relation to the vast pageant of creation.

Do more than this: seek out these moments; watch for them and grasp them as handfolts to the infinite.

Then you might realize the humbleness and the insignificance of your existence and at the same time its infinite effects. Yes, savour the universal import of each incident—for therein lies the salt, the condiment to the banquet of life.

school committee

THIS YEAR THE SCHOOL WAS BLESSED with a peaceful but active committee. The political stability was remarkable, perhaps a little dangerously so.

In the first week the temporary committee was elected with Ivan Meneik as chairman. The committee then appointed Ed Lowry as secretary, Al Snider as Fire Chief, Terry Sumner as Food man; "Conscientious" Dave Bullock was Rudy-Man and Ian Hamilton supervised downtown dress, while Bruce Ames and George Benness had to look for their own trouble. After the committee demonstrated its effectiveness on New Boys' Night, the new students joined with the old and returned the same gang to office. At Christmas the same group was returned again.

At Easter the order of things was broken by a three-way tie for last place, so we added Ted Helwig and Denny Burton who gave us new blood.

We are grateful to Mr. Beer for his work in liaison between staff and committee. It seemed like a thankless job but he did it both conscientiously and, par excellence, diplomatically.

Ivan, Bruce, George and Terry arranged a chapel service at which they discussed happiness from different points of view. The other four had planned to give a talk but it was one of the many things lost in the "lost weekend".

The committee made a move to establish a general fund which they could use to cover expenses in the upkeep of the common room, staff-senior club etc., and initiated discussions which improved the dress regulations and waiting system.

The committee, an important part of our school picture, did a good job. There were few occasions where they could rise to great heights but the day to day tasks were handled effectively and successfully. The quarantine weekend was a challenge for leadership and the committee met the test admirably and helped to convert a rather dismal situation into a reasonably pleasant experience.



SCHOOL COMMITTEE

STANDING: *Mr. Rourke, Helwig, Burton, Benness, Hamilton, Bullock, Mr. Beer.*

SEATED: *Snider, Sumner, Mencik (Chairman), Lowry (Secretary), Ames.*

the graduating class

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

HERE ARE PRESENTED THOSE MEMBERS of our matriculation and business courses who are leaving Pickering to begin university or business careers. This short summary, although indicative of a rich and varied programme, fails to mention their academic responsibilities which, added to their other activities, helped fill out their days at Pickering.

To our graduates as well as to students in lower forms who may be leaving us at this time, may we extend a warm invitation to come back and visit us. Our best wishes go with you wherever you may be in future years.

AMES, BRUCE—Five years at Pickering, from Durham, Ont. . . . School

Committee all year . . . Quaker Cracker editor, winter term . . . Dramatic and Glee Clubs . . . Princeps Club, president one term . . . First colours, senior football, senior prep. basketball . . . red intra-mural team, tennis, softball track and field . . . eventual role: business executive.

BARKELL, ROSS—Staunch representative of the north, hailing from Kirkland Lake . . . At Pickering four years . . . Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Prineeps Club, Quaker Craeker . . . Second colours, junior A football, senior North York basketball, track and field, softball, blue intra-mural team . . . A graduate of our business course. Plans business life in Kirkland Lake.

BARIL, BERNARD—Native of Temiskaming, Quebec, and representative of French Canada . . . Two years at Pickering . . . Second colours . . . senior hockey team, junior A football team, tennis, track and field, red intra-mural team . . . Plans to enter Normal School at North Bay and later teach French in high school . . . Bonne chance, Bernard!

BATES, DAVID—At Pickering two years, from Lansing, Ont. . . . President of upper north corridor . . . Glee Club and Root of Minus One Club . . . Second colours . . . junior A football team, senior North York basketball, softball, silver intra-mural. Plans to study zoology and wild life (!) at U.B.C.

BENNESS, GEORGE — A four-year man from Toronto . . . Member of school committee . . . Glee Club chorus, Prineeps Club, president one term . . . second colours . . . senior football, captain of the senior North York basketball team, softball, silver intramural team. Plans to become customs broker.

BENNETT, JOHN—With us for two years . . . from Leamington and New York . . . Member of the Dramatic Club, Prineeps Club . . . First colours, senior football, senior prep. basketball . . . Year captain of the blue intra-mural team . . . Track and field . . . Plans to go on to college.

BULLOCK, DAVID—Three years at Pickering from Toronto . . . School committee member all year . . . chairman of dance executive . . . Thirty Club, president one term . . . First colours . . . senior football, captain of senior prep. basketball team . . . Red intra-mural team, track and field, softball . . . Next year, Business Administration at Western.

CALDER, DONALD — Up from our Lethbridge circuit . . . two years at Pickering . . . President of lower north corridor . . . Dramatic and Glee Clubs, Root of Minus One Club . . . Second colours . . . senior football, senior North York Basketball, softball, red intra-mural team . . . Next year Ryerson Institute and then the business world.

CHISHOLM, BROCK—With us one year from Geneva, Switzerland . . . Lower north corridor committee, Glee Club, Prineeps Club, president one term . . . Third colours, junior A football, second hockey, softball, red intra-mural team . . . Plans to take Meds. at the University of Toronto.

HAMILTON, Ian—Another gift from Lethbridge . . . at Pickering two years . . . Member of school committee, president of upper south . . . Glee Club, Thirty Club, Voyageur editorial staff, Quaker Craeker . . . First colours, senior football, senior North York basketball, softball, silver intra-mural team . . . Next year . . . Business Administration at Western.

HARE, MICHAEL—A three-year man from Toronto . . . Polikon Club, Voyageur editorial staff . . . Quaker Craeker editor last year . . . Second

colours, senior prep. basketball, captain of Hare's Hounds softball team, track . . . silver intra-mural team . . . Going to University of Toronto in Commerce and Finance . . . future: financial tycoon.

HELWIG, TED—Native of Hamilton, two years at Pickering . . . Member of school committee, Princeps Club, president one term, Dramatic Club lead, Glee Club, Quaker Cracker . . . First colours, senior football, senior prep. basketball manager . . . red intra-mural team . . . Next year: McMaster University, later president of several insurance companies.

LOWRY, ED.—Two years at Pickering, from Toronto . . . Widdrington Award winner, secretary of school committee all year . . . able decorator for non-existent dances . . . Polikon Club, speaker one term . . . chief spirit behind donation of United Nations flag . . . Dramatic Club . . . Voyageur, Quaker Cracker . . . Second colours, junior A football, soccer, junior prep. basketball . . . silver intra-mural team . . . Entering University of Toronto to study mathematics and science . . . A lover of crises . . . we predict a political career as a hobby.

MENCIK, Ivan—Four years at Pickering, from Toronto . . . Garratt Cane and Widdrington Award winner . . . chairman of school committee all year . . . took the lead of Grosvenor in the Glee Club's Patience . . . Thirty Club, president one term . . . First colours, senior football, senior hockey, softball, year captain of the winning silver intra-mural team. Next year: Ryerson Institute and architectural draughting.

McBAIN, ROBERT—Champion of Kirkland Lake and parts north, one year at Pickering, member of the Thirty Club, secretary one term . . . First colours, senior football, senior North York basketball, track and field, silver intra-mural team, softball . . . Plans to enter Medicine or Engineering at the University of Toronto.

MICKLE, BRUCE—Hails from Temiskaming, Quebec . . . at Pickering for two years, member of the Root of Minus One Club, Quaker Cracker . . . Third colours, soccer, senior prep. basketball team, blue intra-mural team, tennis . . . Going on to Ryerson or commercial school before entering business.

O'BRIAN, ROBERT—At Pickering two years from Chatham, Ontario . . . Dramatic Club, Polikon Club, secretary one term, Voyageur editorial staff, Quaker Cracker editor spring term . . . Second colours, senior football, senior North York basketball, blue intra-mural team . . . a member of the intelligentsia . . . Plans to go on to university . . . we predict a literary career.

PHIPPEN, DOUGLAS—Hailing from Sarnia, Ontario . . . with us for two years . . . Polikon Club, Quaker Cracker editor, Voyageur, photographic editor . . . Dramatic Club last year . . . Senior hockey team manager, third football team, red intramural team . . . Plans university career followed by F.B.I. or diplomatic service.

SKEITH, STEWART—A Prairie boy from New Dayton, Alberta . . . at Pickering three years, member of the Polikon Club, Glee Club . . . Second colours, senior football, senior prep. basketball, red intra-mural team . . . Plans to study at Olds Agricultural College, Alberta.

SNIDER, ALLAN—A five-year man from Toronto . . . Widdrington Award winner, school committee all year . . . Fire Chief during the year of the Great Fire . . . Polikon Club, speaker one term . . . Glee Club . . . First colours, senior football, senior hockey, year captain of the red intra-mural team, softball . . . Next year's plans uncertain . . . wherever he may be: a great co-operator.

STORIE, TOM—With us one year, from Oshawa . . . Thirty Club, president one term, corridor president, dance decorating committee . . . First colours, senior football, senior North York basketball, blue intra-mural team, sports' day captain, track and field, softball, tennis . . . Entering McGill to study engineering.

SUAREZ, ALFONSO—Outstanding representative from South America . . . At Pickering one year from Sogamoso, Colombia . . . Dramatic Club, Root of Minus One Club . . . dance decorating committee . . . First colours, soccer, senior prep, basketball, blue intra-mural team, track and field . . . To study engineering at McGill and look after Storie.

SUMNER, TERRENCE—From Thornhill, Ontario, at Pickering four years . . . School committee two years, Glee Club lead, Dramatic Club lead, Root of Minus One Club's suckerterry, Library committee, Quaker Cracker . . . First colours, two years, captain of senior football team, senior hockey, red intra-mural team, sports' day captain last year, softball, track and field . . . Next year: Arts at Western.

UNDERHILL, ALBERT—At Pickering nearly four years, from Toronto . . . Dramatic Club lead, Thirty Club, Quaker Cracker editor, fall term . . . First colours, senior football, senior hockey, sports' day captain of the red intra-mural team, softball . . . Plans to go on to university in Arts.

VAN ROYEN, PETER—Our American cousin from Silver Spring, Maryland . . . With us one year, member of the bar for the Dramatic Club, Voyageur, editorial staff, Root of Minus One Club . . . Second colours, senior prep. basketball, junior A football, softball, silver intra-mural team . . . Going on to college in the United States, majoring in mathematics and science or engineering.

VASSAR, CHARLES—Native of Oshawa, Ontario, at Pickering eight years . . . Polikon Club, speaker one term, Glee Club, Dramatic Club lead . . . Second colours, senior football, senior hockey, sports' day captain of the victorious silver intra-mural team . . . Next year: McGill . . . P.C. won't be quite the same without him.

WHOLTON, SHIEL—Two years at Pickering from Galt, Ontario . . . Graduate of the business course, member of the Glee Club, member of the silver intra-mural team, track and field . . . Plans to enter the business world next year.

school awards

THE SCHOOL EXTENDS CONGRATULATIONS to those students who have been recognized for their outstanding contributions to this year's student body and to Pickering College.

IVAN MENCIK—The Garratt Cane, given by a vote of the graduating class to that student who most approximates the Pickering ideal.

EDWARD LOWRY, IVAN MENCIK, ALLAN SNIDER—The Widdrington Award, for community service.

JOHN BROWNLEE—The Rogers Cane, awarded to that student in Firth House who best serves, in deed and spirit, his fellow students and Pickering College.



Allan Snider, Ivan Mencik, Ed. Lowry

THE ROUSSEAU FRENCH PRIZE

WE TAKE PLEASURE in announcing that the Rousseau French prize of the value of fifty dollars has been awarded to Archie Williamson. This award has been given by Mr. Real Rousseau, of Montreal, to the student who has shown the greatest interest and ability in the study of the French language during the past year. We should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Rousseau for his generosity and to congratulate Archie on being the first recipient.

chapel 1950-1951

OUR CHAPEL SERVICES this year were as usual under the able direction of Mr. Rourke and his colleagues. Wally Meikle was responsible for the fine piano accompaniment for the hymns. At the Easter and Christmas services, Mrs. Rourke, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Beer offered some beautiful songs of devotion. Fred Hagan was responsible for the strikingly lovely Christmas service chapel set that was done in a mosaic-like Byzantine style.

Through the year, some of the highlights were as follows:

On October 15th, 1950 Mr. Rourke, as a reception for new students, spoke on "Sleeping Swords", the idea of the talk coming from the line in "Jerusalem".

On October 22nd the Reverend Wm. P. Jenkins of the Unitarian Church, Toronto, spoke to us on the beliefs of his church.

On November 26th Rabbi Sydney O. Goldstein from the Temple Hesed Abraham, Jamestown, New York, spoke on "What Christians should know about Judaism".

On December 17th the annual Christmas Candlelight service was held with Mr. Rourke speaking on the text "They looked up and saw a star". Many parents and guests enjoyed the service and the beautiful setting.

On February 4th Dr. Karl S. Bernhardt spoke on "Growing Up".

February 25th was the service in which the student committee participated.

On March 11th Mr. Vernon F. McAdam, Executive Director of the "Boys' Clubs of Canada" spoke on the work of this group and about other schools who are less fortunate than we. He asked for a clothing drive for a school in Montreal and recently we collected a large amount of used clothes for them.

March 18th marked our Easter Chapel service in which Mr. Rourke spoke on "If a man die, shall he live again?"

A Forest Hill Village High School teacher, Mr. Ted Jarvis, spoke to us on April 15th on the subject "Failing Successfully".

On April 22nd Dr. Richard D. Jones, Executive Director of the "Canadian Council of Christians and Jews" made a powerful and interesting speech on racial discrimination and told of his travels about the world.

On April 29th Reverend C. W. Sowby, Headmaster of Upper Canada College, gave a talk on St. Peter.

The most unique service of the year was the last but one, held on May 20th, when the masters and students studied the last 20 years' chapel forms and compiled a 12-sheet chapel form, consisting of the most-read lines and most-sung hymns. The purpose was to give the graduating class a permanent memory of what Pickering College Chapel services stand for.

At the closing Chapel of the year the Headmaster gave a memorable address to us all, the graduating class in particular, entitled "A Date with Destiny".

literary

the treasure of buzaga

AT THAT TIME WE WERE FOUR BROTHERS. My older brother and I were at school, so every morning we had to be up before seven. For that reason we used to go to bed early and sleep all the night through as good children do. But we never went to sleep before our nurse Josephina had finished telling us one of her stories. She had to polish our shoes every night so in the morning we would have time to eat breakfast and run to the school. While she was doing the polishing, she used to tell us one of her best stories.

One night I remember well. Josephina was seated between the two big beds with her eyes on the shoes and her mind thinking about some strange adventure. In the bed on her right side, two of my brothers sat up listening. In the bed on her left, my brother and I sat up in the same way. On that night she started thus:

There was once in the city of Tunja a poor man called Pito Perez. This man had a very miserable job, which was to sweep the streets of the city. He didn't have any family or anything to care for. His only possession was a tiny bottle of Holy Water, that he carried with him wherever he went. He was earning only a few centavos a month and he used to eat and sleep in the town jail.

After lunch, as he lay in the sun in the patio of the jail, Pito used to think and dream of the old legends he had heard when he was younger. There was one that filled his mind night and day. This legend tells that when the Spanish Conquerors came to Colombia, the powerful tribe Chibcha was ruled by a courageous Indian called Buzaga. When this Indian learned of the proximity of the Spanish Captain Jimenez de Quezada, he decided to take all his gold and jewels up to the mountains and hide this treasure in a cave in a secret place. When the Spanish soldiers came into the city, they found only a few golden coins and jars, and though they tortured and killed all the chiefs, they could not discover the place where Buzaga had hidden his treasure.

Pito Perez had long wondered if he could find the famous cave and no few times he had imagined himself driving a car like the governor's, drinking champagne instead of chicha, and doing a hundred more fantastic things.

One Saturday morning Pito decided not to sweep the streets any more, but to go up to the mountains looking for what he wanted. He started to climb the hills early in the morning and at mid-day he found himself in a

very strange place that he had never seen before. There was a sort of hut all black outside and a strong sulphur odour in the air. Pito decided to enter the place to see if somebody was around. When he passed the door, he saw a small room with no windows at all. At the back of the room a very little, old man was seated in a chair smoking a pipe. When he saw Pito he grinned sarcastically.

"You are looking for the Treasure of Buzaga, aren't you?" the old man said.

Pito was surprised when the old man said that but he took it as an indication that he was on the right trail.

"Yes," Pito said after a few seconds. "But," he continued, "why do you ask me that? Do you know anything about the treasure?" The old man grinned again. He took two or three puffs at his pipe and then he said:

"Sabe mas el diablo por viejo que por diablo. (Well, the devil knows more because he is old than because he is the devil.) I've been here many years and I have met many men who were looking for the treasure. They asked me the same questions again and again. I told them what I knew about it but they did not listen to me, so they never found the cave."

"What did you tell them?" Pito asked eagerly. "Listen," the old man said. "Listen very carefully. I am going to make a deal with you. If you agree with me, you will be the richest man in this place. If you don't, then you will be as miserable as you are now for the rest of your life." Pito was sweating from his head to his feet and he said nothing.

"This is it," the old man continued, "I know where the treasure of Buzaga is hidden. I discovered the secret a long time ago from an old Indian, who came here with three bullet wounds in his back. He was shot by two bandits who were looking for the same thing you are. I did all that I could for him but he died after a few hours. But before he died he told me the exact place where I could find the treasure."

"What have you been waiting for?" Pito asked with curiosity.

"Look," said the old man, taking away the blanket which was covering his legs. The poor ancient was crippled from the knees down.

"Now you know why I haven't been looking for the cave. I've been waiting for a valiant man like you to make my dream possible. Now this is the deal of which I told you before: If you will carry me on your back all the way up, we can go and find the treasure. That would be very simple for you. What do you say?"

Pito was all excited after listening to the cripple.

"When shall we go?" he said at once.

"Tomorrow morning before dawn," was the answer.

The next day they started walking early, Pito carrying the old man as he had promised. They travelled for about four hours without resting and

at the end of this time Pito was exhausted. He could not walk one more step with that burden on his back that seemed to become heavier and heavier. He asked many times if they were near the cave. "A few more steps and we get to it", the old man replied each time. At last they climbed to a high peak and there the crippled man ordered Pito to stop and put him on the ground. After he was seated on the grass, Pito took a look around and saw a very beautiful view of all the little pueblos, the haciendas with green sugar cane plantations, the fields of golden wheat and big pastures with thousands of cattle; on his left hand the famous emerald mines of Muzo; on his right, the coal mines of Topaga; and far away he could see the rich Sugamuxi valley, the most fertile land in all the country around.

"Would you like to be master of all this?" the ancient asked.

Pito said nothing. He was looking down on the picturesque surroundings and dreaming of being the owner of all these rich lands. Then something strange happened. The crippled man rose up on his knees and putting his hand on Pito's shoulders, said:

"Pito, you will have all the treasure upon only one condition: if you promise me that when you die you will give your soul to me."

Pito was paler than the snowflake and trembling like a bird in front of a snake. He saw it all clear. The false old man was the proper devil in one of his many forms. Pito thought of the money, of the car, of the champagne, and all the good money does in the world. But he visualized himself "en el septimo pailon del infierno" (in the seventh oven of hell), suffering the tortures of the damned. He made up his mind and he remembered the tiny bottle of sacred water that he had in his pocket. He took it out, opened it, and threw the water into the devil's face saying: "Satanas, yo estoy con Dios! (Devil, I am with God)". The old man disappeared and Pito started running away as hard as he could and he didn't stop until he was right in the middle of the town.

The next day, at six o'clock he was again sweeping the streets and thinking that it is better to be a poor man with a soul of his own than to be a rich man without owning his own self.

Here, Josephina finished her story. When I looked around, I saw that my brothers were asleep. The good woman said good-night, went over to the other bed, covered my brothers for the last time, and without making any noise, she turned off the light and left the room.

I couldn't go to sleep for another hour, thinking of the choice Pito made instead of finding the treasure of Buzaga.

—ALFONSO SUAREZ P.

nocturne

A CITY, THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION of the results of man's efforts which exists, leaves many different impressions in the minds of its creators, but to me, the most vivid impression is the one I get from a city at night. At night the city is a different world. At night the noise is stilled; the dirt and filth are concealed under a blanket of darkness, and the city becomes a fairyland of light and shadow. The buildings, cold, forbidding, and massive by day, are now but a dark background for a myriad of lighted windows. The long aisles of blackness which are the streets are a shadowy unknown. The streetlamps, so inconspicuous by day, become glaring beacons. A streetcar is, by night, a noisy little island of light and life, which comes and then goes, leaving everything as it was before.

Have you ever seen a city by night reflected in a harbor? There the lights are given motion by the ripples of the water, and the city becomes an ever-changing pattern of flashing lights and black shadow. Rain may come with the night, and the city will appear even more beautiful. When there is rain by day, there is grayness, but at night the wet streets and sidewalks reflect the lights and the city is iridescent.

The people by night are nothing like the people by day. By daylight, every person is an individual; his features are different and his clothes are different from those of his fellows. At night every man loses his individuality and becomes just another shadow, with but one thing to distinguish him from the inanimate shadows of the city. He has motion. He is a slowly moving silhouette, then he steps into the cone of light from a streetlamp, is, for a moment, sharply outlined, and then disappears into the darkness beyond the light.

But the magic of the night cannot last forever. The sky lightens and the stars and moon fade out. Shadowy black masses begin to take on form, the lights pale, then morning comes, and the beauty and mystery vanish with the night.

—PETER VAN ROYEN

A THOUGHT

The other day a thought struck me,
Why do lemmings drown at sea?
But another strange thing,
And it's just as dim,
Why do humans bend to their every whim?

O'Brian Boru.

disgrace

JOHN CARRICK WAS SITTING in the Headmaster's office. He sat in the straight hard-backed chair before the large formidable desk. His hands were moist and clammy as he held them tightly on his lap. He had an unusually queer feeling in the pit of his stomach, almost like the feeling or sensation that he always got before playing in a game for the school.

His mind raced rapidly, bringing back memories of the past three years. He hadn't like private school life at first. He had been shy, and many of the fellows who were now his pals had taken it for aloofness. As time went on, he had become friendly with many of the boys, and he had begun to take an interest in school life. By the end of John's second year he was considered one of the leading members in the senior group. He had played for the first rugby and hockey teams, acted in the school's dramatic productions, and sung in the chorus of the operetta. John knew that he was now an accepted member of the school and he was happy and proud that he went to Raleigh College. His mind turned again and again to the past. Oh, how well he remembered the weekends when he and the fellows had had those roaring parties in the city. All these memories and hundreds more he recalled as he sat there waiting. Now his confident happy life lay shattered around him and he was left alone to face the penalty. What had they called him?—"a disgrace to society".

The doorhandle slowly turned and he heard muffled voices talking outside. The door swung open and Mr. Walton, the Headmaster, walked in. John shot a quick glance at him as he walked to the desk. His yellow, pasty face, with small, darting, close-set eyes sickened the boy. The short brusque steps he took, swaying his middle-aged spread which he carried like a pregnant woman, seemed only to increase in John's mind the seriousness of his situation. The Head, who had taken over this year, had long antagonized John, and the boy felt that Walton's feelings were mutual. If it had been their old Headmaster, John wouldn't have felt quite so badly. But he had been killed in an automobile accident last summer. His death had left John stunned, for he had looked up to him as a wise teacher and a good friend.

The Head looked over his shoulder and said:

"I'll be with you in a moment, young man." Picking up a letter from his desk, he walked out.

Alone again.

This waiting, John thought, was driving him crazy. He wished it was all over. He didn't know what to do. He shifted uneasily in his chair, looking first at his hands, then his feet, then back to his hands. He glanced up at the pictures on the wall. Some of them were old and faded and the people were dressed in suits typical of the 1920's. Others were more recent and he knew several of the boys whose photographs now hung in honour on the Headmaster's wall. Were they accusing him too?

He was beginning to feel sick. He wished desperately that he could get up and go away from everyone, and from his own troubles. No, that was a hopeless thought; he had to face reality. He stood up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and stared blankly at the floor. He felt the package of cigarettes in his pocket. How he longed for a smoke.

John had just sat down when the door suddenly opened and the secretary poked in her head, saw him and said "Excuse me"; giggling she pulled the door shut. "Even she knew about it", he thought. "Well, I don't care, let the whole bloody town know!"

The door opened again and the Headmaster walked in. He sat down behind the broad desk and looked at John as if the boy were a part of the wall. The only thing that seemed to move in that forbidding stare were his eyelids as they blinked up and down.

Suddenly his voice broke the silence.

"Carriek, you have disgraced the school, your family, and yourself." He paused, took off his glasses, and wiped them.

"You know that you shall have to pay for this."

John didn't answer and once again the voice droned on.

"I feel in all fairness to the school and everyone else concerned that I must ask you to leave."

John looked up. His eyes stared blankly at the pudgy expressionless face before him. All fear was gone now, only the grim determination to play the Head's game, avoid direct answers, and keep a hard serene expression on his face. He knew this was the moment when he must try to defend himself. Leaning forward, sure of himself, he said in a quiet voice which was unafraid, "Sir, I hardly know how to tell you or explain, but you must know that the person who disclosed this information has by no means a reputable character. I am not trying to shrink from the blame or say that I am innocent." The Head's belligerent voice broke in.

"There's no use trying to lie or heap sympathy upon yourself, Carriek."

"I am not, Sir, I only ask that you wait and be sure," said John. "I am sure that sounder evidence than the words of one person can be secured."

"It's no use, Carriek, you shall have to take your medicine like a man."

Each word stung like a blow on the face. John sat stunned by the Headmaster's words.

The cold voice again broke the silence.

"Well, have you anything to say for yourself now?"

"Sir, it's just . . ." What was the use? Yes, he had many things to say for himself, but they could not be said honourably. The photographs looked down upon him.

"I don't want alibis, Carriek, I want facts."

"No sir, I have nothing to say."

"Then that will be all, you may leave."

Somehow he got up, stumbled to the door in a daze, opened it, and closed it quietly behind him.

He walked, outwardly calm, inwardly seething, to the stairs. Up one flight, two, three, turned down the dim hall to his room, entered and sat stiffly at the desk near the window. He looked out on the sunny street while his mind spun with disconnected thoughts. The rage of his father, the hurt eyes of his mother, how could he face them? He buried his face in his hands. Time passed . . . He felt at last nothing but dull fear and nausea, a hopelessness in his stomach. A girl caught his eye as she walked up the street. Her supple erect body moved with youthful grace. In his mind her gait changed to a stiff stride to accommodate her protruding belly and arched back. He shuddered, closed his eyes, then turned away to his desk. Picking up his pen, he drew towards him a sheet of paper with the school emblem on it.

"Dear Father", he wrote, "I don't know how to tell you . . ."

—PETER GREEN

on sleeping alone

I THINK MY PRESENT AVERSION to sharing a bed was formed quite early in life. When I was about eleven years old, housing exigencies at our place quite often compelled me to sleep with my grandmother. Not that I minded at the time, for my grandmother was an excellent back scratcher and I dearly loved having my back scratched. I think she rather benefitted too, for according to her I was "quite a little bundle of heat" and I was welcomed as a bed-companion by various members of my family on cold winter nights.

Of course there were disadvantages too. At the time I was violently addicted to dill pickles and liverwurst which I would eat just before bedtime. The resultant nightmares were terrible indeed, and my poor grandmother would sometimes be the recipient of a vicious kick in the stomach, a cruel blow to the eye, or at the very least a hideous curse delivered with the full power of my lusty, young lungs. I must say she took it rather well. She never retaliated by pinching, or snitched on me for swearing; she just scratched my back until the demons retreated reluctantly to wherever dill pickle and liverwurst demons go.

Now I must reveal the experience that has put me off sleeping with people to this day. My grandmother was (and still is)) a noble, hard-working woman who has come through the worst problems a rugged life could throw up, with banners flying. My grandmother's feet had borne the brunt of it, however. They were twisted and flattened and had large bunions which gave her great

pain. To say this, I realize, is unfair, but I will not apologize for eleven year-old impressions; they lasted, after all, but one year. The effects, however, of being caressed lightly on the leg by an aggressive bunion or a horny toenail upset my drowsy nervous system badly. Immediately thoughts of scorpions, tarantulas, big man-eating snakes and crafty little poisonous ones would fill my foggy brain. I would lie frozen, sweating profusely until I awoke fully and, by a process of elimination, realized that it was just dear old granny. A series of these nocturnal experiences rather soured me on sleeping with grandmother.

Also, Granny snored. It was a strange sound, a very strange sound. There was a "whuff" followed by a series of small decrepitations and ending with a "swoosh", rather like releasing a balloon with the neck partly constricted. It was *very* distinctive. I perfected a technique for stopping her once she had started, which I pass on for the benefit of some other unfortunate.

First, I would say (*pianissimo*) "Nana dear, you're snoring". This would elicit a grunt which blended in with the "whuffs" and "snorts". I would repeat the same thing (*fortissimo*) and get the same result (*fortissimo*). Then I would deliver her a solid kick in the shins, meanwhile pretending to be far gone in sleep. This would awaken her with a yelp (*allegro, fortissimo*) and the next few moments would be filled with dire murmurings and rubbing of shinbones. She would then roll over and go back to sleep, the snoring mercifully hushed. I would silently congratulate myself and follow suit.

I don't think the old dear ever caught on, but mine would have been a short shrift indeed if she had.

Since those days I have slept with a number of people with varying degrees of dissatisfaction. No matter whose the bed, I am never completely happy with the arrangements. Guest or host, I consider it my duty to crowd into the smallest possible corner of the bed and spend the night stiffly inhaling musty wallpaper or brassy bedframes, and hoping that in my morphean antics I won't seriously harm my bedfellow.

—TERRENCE SUMNER

* * * * *

FORECAST

There is
What nature has made; what man has made;
Mayhap these will combine — and Malice,
A green-writhing serpent, born of
The turbulent chemical cauldron,
Will destroy
All.

(From the Notebooks of O'Brian Boru, who has written beneath this apocalyptic fragment the macabre note "Skeleton Outline".)

ashore

TODAY I SIGNED ON MY FIRST SHIP in six months. As we back into mid-stream, I watch the bright shore line of Montreal fall astern, and mutter "At last, I'm away".

Desperation alone made me ship on this unseaworthy tramp with her rusted hull and unkempt deck work. The whole ship is in need of repair, from topping lifts to wash-ports. But at sea, fighting wind and weather, I'll feel safer and more confident on her, than I ever did these last six months ashore.

We sailed on my watch, and having drawn bow look-out for the first trick, I turned to at eight bells. After hauling the mooring lines inboard, I settled down to the lookout's usual duties. There is still lots of ice in the river, besides the usual conglomeration of tugs and lighters found in any harbour. So I am using the fog bell frequently to help the mate and pilot get the ship under way and out to open water.

The river traffic is thinning out and I'm getting cold. I'll have to run aft to the mess and borrow a reefer. I had a good one of my own last trip, but that, along with a lot of other gear, went to the hock shops.

Looking back at the city's glow, fast disappearing, I remember last fall It was warm then and Montreal was our first Canadian port in nine months. Being home again makes men do strange things, they throw cares to the wind, not realizing the prosperity they are enjoying. Nine months is a long time and a lot of money saved. "Why not spend a couple of months ashore? You can afford it", thought I. So I paid off with my fifteen hundred bucks, said so-long to my mates, and moved into the expensive type of hotel. Costly night-clubbing with equally expensive women kept me riding high, and life went along at a cracking pace for a couple of months—nothing like this shore life! I thought.

One day at the bank I was rather shocked to find that there were only about two hundred dollars left in my account. This meant I'd be looking for a ship very soon. Montreal closes to shipping in the winter and the last freighters had cleared a month ago. It was January and the port doesn't open until late March. I couldn't stay here, so I closed the account and left the bank with the remains of my pay-off. Saying good-bye to the "shack-up" I checked out of the hotel, and stacked my gear in the bus depot. I then ambled down to the waterfront, paying my way to some of the luckier panhandlers as I went.

Joe Beef's Tavern is a favourite haunt of mine and most seamen go there when ashore, so I stopped in to contemplate my next move, over a few beers. There were only two choices—East coast or West? St. John's has good shipping all year but most are just Atlantic crossings to 'U.K.' and the continent, and in the winter I can think of fairer climates than the Atlantic, especially if you're in the deck department. So that left Vancouver; its shipping is never any good but there are lots of foreign ships that sail short-handed out

of there, and I wasn't above a berth on one of those, if the worst came to the worst. The pay and conditions are terrible compared to Canadian standards but a ship's a ship.

Montreal at the best of times is full of bums and the winter season only swells their ranks. Some are seamen but most are just rubby-dubs, and Joe Beef's seemed to be harbouring its share of them that day. One guy, a couple of tables across from me, was a seaman. He seemed to think he knew me back in the war days, so he sat with me, and we talked ships and seas, ports and men—some we both knew—and the conversation flowed—so did the beer which I was springing for! We could not find an answer to how he might know me, but although I am usually leery of these dockside parasites, this guy was a likeable and talkative fellow so we ate supper in the Tavern. By this time I had forgotten about my proposed trip to Vancouver, for that day at least. The evening progressed, we were drinking quite a hole in my two hundred, and it was time to shake this fairweather friend of mine for the benefit of my pocketbook. I would be needing all the money I had for better uses in Vancouver. So, referring to some bus I had to catch, I bid my close-hauled friend good-bye and left the tavern. Starting up the street with a staggering gait, only then did I realize just how soused I had become over the preceding hours.

Now, whether it was the masterful work of my friend, or some other 'hard up' I can't tell, but I woke to find I'd slept the night in a cobbled alleyway. But that's not all, my kind roller had relieved me of my money and topcoat and left in their place a gift in the form of a cut and bloody head. At first it struck me as being funny. Boy, I sure asked for all I got! But in the weeks to come it was sure as hell no laughing matter. From here on I suffered all the hardships and indignations so many men do when their luck turns.

To find work in Montreal during the winter season is hard enough in itself, but for an English speaking seaman it is virtually impossible. Employers like the man that can "parler le français", and have no use at all for shiftless seamen. So here I was, a bum, a man whom only a few days before, I scorned. How ironical! But I swallowed my pride and lived like all the rest of them did. For more than three months I lived like an animal. Sleeping in two-bit flophouses when I was lucky, but more often a doorway, alley or open box car. Sometimes getting "vagged" by the city crime-stoppers and spending the night in jail. In the daytime working the streets, panhandling the suckers, bickering with some little twister for an extra quarter on a jacket or some other piece of gear. Bumming meals off the "Sally Ann" or a Seaman's mission, a bed, clothes and even a dollar maybe, off a church or relief organization. It's amazing the angles and little tricks a man learns when on the bum, things the average city-dweller has never noticed or even knew existed in his city.

Most of what I saw can be forgotten or remembered only as one more experience that might help me somewhere else. But there was one incident that only increased my disgust for shore life and my scorn for shore dwellers. It happened just before I finally cleared to sea this time and takes me back to the war days when it began.

Near the end of the war I had paid off a ship in Montreal. Wages were high then and the manning pools didn't leave you ashore very long. Coming out of the saloon with my pay I was approached by a ferrety little man. He talked of a Seaman's mission he hoped to build and said he was canvassing for money. I had a fistful of bills and expecting little time in which to spend them, I gave him one hundred and fifty dollars, thinking it a good cause. He poured out his thanks and gratefully bid me good-luck for the future.

It's funny what a bed means to a man, most of them will spend their last cent on a bed for the night even if it means going without food. When I stumbled into that little mission one cold night last week, I hadn't a cent, and I was desperate. Going to the desk who should I find but my little friend! I'd have known him anywhere and although I knew he recognized me, he made out he didn't. Now, only three years had gone by since our first meeting, but the times had changed; he was now the secure citizen and I the beggar. But even then his reply to my request knocked me for a loop. He saw no reason why I should be allowed to sleep there, he said. "This mission can only operate when supported by paying clientele."

Now I have seen it all, I thought, what could I do but return to the cold and deserted street, inwardly raging. What could make a man like that? It was that night that I decided to get to sea any way possible. . . .

Now I stand here in the bows, and watch the glow of the city shrinking into the horizon. The fresh salt air blowing steadily on my face and the gentle rise and plunge of the deck beneath my feet, the roar of the bow wave when the ship meets the swell, all are music to my ears and lend my body a new desire to live. As I head to sea on this rusty old tramp I know there's nowhere I'd rather be than here, away from the land and all its sweet deceptions, among men who think and feel as I do about life, and are tied with one common bond for a voyage—love of their ship and lust for the sea.

—JOHN LUCK

* * * * *

MIDNIGHT TRAIN

A swelling steam-roar intruded on night,
Made it compress round my bed,
Then — impersonal — strident — remote,
Came the shrill whistle note,
And I tossed in my bed and dreamt
. a troubled dream.

(from the Notebooks of O'Brian Boru, young Celtic poet of genius recently among us.)

blessed are the meek

AS A CHILD AND A BOY, I sat side by side with my sister at the family Bible readings, and did my best to pay attention to the words. I suppose I gave little thought to what I heard, but there was one passage which inevitably caught my interest and over which I puzzled, it seems to me now, from my very earliest years.

The passage was the sermon on the mount — often spoken of as The Beatitudes — and the beatitude which I found most difficult to understand was the one which promised the earth to the meek. ‘Blessed are the meek — for they shall inherit the earth’. The meek! It struck me, as a child, that a world inherited by the meek was a place I could do without. And later, as I became conscious of the world of men and affairs, it seemed to me that the dictum was no more than wishful thinking. It was not so much, now, that I did not want the beatitude to be true, as that I could not see how it could be true.

And then, for no reason that I know of, an interpretation presented itself to me. My difficulty had resulted from what seems to me now to have been a misinterpretation of terms. I had been reading the beatitude something like this:

‘Blessed are the timid and ineffectual, for when all other types have failed, they will be left to take over the planet like a colony of white rabbits.’

It sounds foolish, stated like that, but how many of you who have heard the beatitude have not had some such thought in mind?

But when Christ spoke to the ‘meek’, did he mean the timid and the ineffectual, the rabbits of this world? When he spoke of ‘inheriting the earth’ was he intending to imply something in the distant future, a taking over, or falling heir to the actual land mass of the planet? The more I thought about it, the more this seemed to me an absurd over-simplification of his statement.

‘Inherit’ must mean something more actual, more immediate, more possible to each generation.

Suppose to inherit meant this: to be aware of the joy of living because of a capacity for living fully, for appreciation of the possibilities of life. Then the implication of the beatitude would be ‘that the fellow who is puffed up with self-importance cannot see the world as it really is, nor enjoy its benefits. His ego—his ‘I am’—has grown too large. It has become a hedge around him—a hedge grown too tall for his meagre stature. He cannot see over it. He cannot appreciate his fellow men, or the works of his fellow men, nature, or the burning mysteries of life and death.

But where does this leave us in our interpretation? What of the word ‘meek’? To whom does ‘the meek’ refer?

Is there not a clue to the meaning in what has just been said? Could the converse of the beatitude not be stated thus: Unblessed are the arrogant for in their arrogance they miss most of what the world has to offer. The meek now, then, is the man without arrogance, without vanity,— not the rabbit—but, in short, the man possessed of humility.

Blessed are those men who are possessed of the virtue of humility, for it enables them to know the joys of living, to appreciate the manifold good things of this earth.

The men possessed of humility—by humility what is meant?—not, of course, the abject, fawning, cringing, hypocritical “unbleness” of Uriah Heep which was assumed to hide his evil.

No, by humility, I mean the rarest of virtues, that virtue so out of favour in our time when only those personalities as garish as a brass band receive favourable notice. I mean that virtue given in full measure only to the very great of this earth—a lack of arrogance,—a lack of all the vanities, both the large and the small.

Humility is the opener of doors. It unlocks the world to men. Most of us go through our lives armed in arrogance, and protected by the padding of our vanities against every appeal to our senses. Arrogance closes the windows on experience, substitutes what is not for what is, ignores the tapping of environment, and pulls in the complicated radar of the soul.

Or I may put it in another way. Humility is a recognition that you form one-tenth part of a company of ten men.

Call it by any name you will—this freedom from arrogance, this freedom from vanity—it is nonetheless an essential quality in the man who would know the world as it really is, in the man who would know his fellow men, in the man who would inherit the earth.

It is a necessary ingredient of those who would be educated, for awareness is nine-tenths humility. What is education for if not to develop wisdom? And what is wisdom but the ultimate humility—the recognition that we do not know? Knowledge is proud that she has learned so much—wisdom is humble that she knows no more.

And how do we know humility when we see it—or the man who possesses it?

Look for the man who does not scoff or jeer, who brings to each question an open mind, to every work of his fellow men a sympathetic effort to understand, and who hates only the poseur, the hypocrite.

Look for the man who is at home in any company, who does not embarrass the rich by flaunting his poverty, nor antagonize the poor by a depreciation of wealth; who does not outrage the educated by boasting his ignorance, nor affront the uneducated with contempt; who does not insult good company with bad manners, nor try to overawe the humble with elegance.

If you can obtain from your education a freedom from arrogance; if your education can instil in you the virtue of humility, then you will be able to take a just pride in yourself and your school.

Few of us, indeed, are blessed with humility. We are all prone to arrogance and to the vanities. Yet they are most damaging to us. For virtue without humility becomes self-righteousness, smugness, priggishness. Learning without humility becomes dogmatism, pedantry, intolerance. Passion without humility becomes all manner of unspeakable things. Even love without humility degenerates to self-indulgence, self-pity, self-aggrandisement at the expense of the one we love.

If I could ask that Pickering and its staff might do just one thing for you, I would ask for a big thing. I would ask that they—imperfect as they are themselves—might still serve to hold a mirror up to you in which you could see your own vanities, that they might teach you the virtue of humility, and in that way bestow upon you your rightful heritage — the earth.

(from a chapel address by

B. W. Jackson.)

* * * * *

NIGHT-WATCH

The church lies in the shadows, deep,
And all good men are fast asleep;
The moon is full, the night is clear,
The graves are still, the dead are near.

And then, as spirits seem to fly,
The dawn illuminates the sky,
And brings to earth another morn,
Where old folk die, and babes are born.

—Ian Paterson

activities



The Ox-bow Incident.

*Scenes in the Ox-bow
Valley and Canby's
Saloon.*

the red curtain

THE PICKERING COLLEGE DRAMATIC GUILD has always been acclaimed as an experimental theatre of worthy note.

The 1950 production of *The Ox-bow Incident* was, perhaps, the most ambitious and unique of all its successes. It combined exceptional sets, by Fred Hagan, superb acting, fine direction and an exceedingly powerful play.

The Ox-bow Incident by Walter Van Tilburg Clark is a strong novel of the West based upon incidents which occurred in Nevada in 1885.



Many drama enthusiasts remember the excellent motion picture based on this novel which was directed by John Ford and starred Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. Many of these same drama enthusiasts, concerned with the theatre's problems, have wondered if a successful book, once turned into a successful motion picture, can still be made into a successful vehicle for the stage. Messrs. Charles Beer and Ward Cornell have answered the question. Their stage adaptation was brilliant. The narrative was developed with remarkable power and tension from the angered beginning in Canby's Saloon, to the hysterical lynching near the Ox-Bow and, finally, back in the saloon when the cattlemen learned of their error and were left to live out their lives with tortured souls.

The cast, led by Bill Purves-Smith, Pete Wigston, Ted Helwig, Albert Underhill, Terry Sumner and the incomparable Mrs. Jackson, was first-rate. Smith's burning sincerity, Helwig's steadiness, Wigston's toughness, Underhill's hysteria and Sumner's cold brutality were well in character. Alfonso Suarez, as one of the unjustly accused, played the Mex with understanding and feeling. Charles Vassar created a memorable role as the young husband about to die. Nothing more could be asked of the players.

Great credit should be given to co-producers Meikle and Beer. They handled a large cast on a small stage without confusion. Never did they allow the mood or pace to get out of hand.

The Ox-Bow Incident was a great performance—a perfect blend of manner and matter. We will watch with interest future productions by this group.

the glee club

THIS REVIEWER WOULD LIKE TO WRITE A LOVE-LETTER to the Glee Club. He would not address it to the Club of any particular year, or to any particular members of any year, but to the Glee Club itself, as a continuing entity through all the years. He would try to express his inexpressible gratitude for the fun and suspense, the élan and beauty, the youth and gaiety and melodiousness that it has brought to Pickering for so long. He would praise, this enamoured reviewer, the ideal combination of youth in its freshness and verve, with the foresight and high standards of experience. It seems to him that, in this, the Glee Club eats its cake and has it too. It satisfies the critical spirit that asks for trained voices, musicianship, expert production. And it satisfies the uncritical love of zest and gusto and high spirits.

And he would praise its veterans and the perfection of their casting. They are troupers, these old hands, they give us all the wit and finesse and style that these rich acting parts contain. Style is indeed their secret, and they impart a little of it, as if by contagion, to their young associates.

This reviewer remembers declaring, in his last year at Pickering, that the music of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was the finest and most exciting music he would

ever hear! This was, as he learned since, a fond illusion, but it shows the spell woven by these operettas for more than one Pickering youth. And that is the highest service of the Glee Club, that it should enchant us, should rouse our enthusiasm, should create light and mirth and song, and by creating them, make us love them. "Manifest joy" is the definition of "glee", and that is what our Glee Club does. It makes joy manifest to us, in a humble but enduring form, and so earns our lasting gratitude and affection.



Who shall now be Bunthorne's bride?

Patience was up to standard—need we say more? Well yes, we'd like to say, for the record, that our Bunthorne was as ineffably aesthetic as thirteen years ago, and our *Patience* as demurely radiant. Time was away, we felt, watching these two. The absence of Elizabeth Beer and Maire Jackson through illness was a sore loss. Eva Selater won our admiration not only for her sterling rescue work in "getting up" Lady Jane in three days, but for a delightful performance. And Barbara Thompson rose courageously to the challenge of Lady Angela's part, and by the final night was acting with an ease and confidence which she made the audience share. Ivan Mencik was exceedingly picturesque in velvet and acted with a serenity astounding in one so young, and perfectly suited to the part of Grosvenor. The three dragoon officers were triumphs of casting and nicely differentiated. Terry Sumner and Bill Maguire were impecceably brisk and martial. John Luck was as indolent as a Duke (which he was, bye the bye). And Peter Green solicited most solicitously. There are other fleeting memories: the dancing curls of Lady Saphir; Frank Houston's silvery crown punctuating the music; the startling juxtaposition of Snider and Smart; the crashing entry of the Dragoons (with Ted Helwig's first-night staggers), and their miraculous manoeuvring; Denny Burton all but submerged in his helmet; and above all, the atmosphere of happy tension that surrounded the last rehearsals.

To Ward Cornell and to the extras we would say, "They also serve" What are we waiting for?—next year and *Iolanthe*!

sound of revelry

NEW BOY'S NIGHT. This is the first big event of the school's social season. After all, one can't let a man into a community on face value, can one? Carried out in the true spirit of the occasion, resulting in several lines of wet clothing—likewise wet boys.

HALLOWE'EN DINNER. Some folks believe in goblins and spooks and others don't. Too bad about the ones who don't, they haven't any idea what they're missing, have they? Even though the only goblin we saw was the goblin of the dinner, which was as soothing as was the rest of the evening stimulating.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET. Couldn't leave the school with a brown taste in our mouth, could we? And we didn't. Why? Well, the Christmas Banquet is why and I'm still wondering which was more delightful—the delicious turkey or the benevolent Santa.

FINAL BANQUET. Canada is a great nation. We want leaders who will keep her on top! We weren't allowed liqueur so we had Cy. Armstrong instead. A grand old man at a grand and fitting close to the school year.

SUNDAY POST-PRANDIALS. There were not many after dinner musicals this year, but those few were excellent. Outstanding were our visiting pianists — old friends Reg Godden and Gordon Hallett, newcomer Glenn Gould. But the most vivid memory of all is the memory many of us will long retain of Miss Lois Marshall singing her heart out and holding us all spellbound by her fire and artistry.

violet hours

ONE MOMENT A SILENT, EMPTY ROOM in which the quiet was stirred only by the sighing of the breeze among the thousand balloons suspended from the ceiling. The next, a crowded carousel, rhythmically swaying to some melody which floated from the band-stand. Everywhere people laughing, gay as the air that thrilled around them. The much-longed for football dance was on. Sometime during the mad course of the evening, a deliciously restoring refreshment was consumed, and then, fortified for the fray, we returned to the gay scene, which grew ever more animated. This was still going on when the town clock chimed out the witching hour, and two by two the fond merry-makers departed. As I walked through the door I heard someone remark, "Wasn't the football dance a success this year!" Someone else answered, "Yes, wonderful!" and the answer went echoing through the deserted ballroom.

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ALL THROUGH THE WEEK the starved lads had looked forward to the coming festival of Whitby. At last the big night had come. Thoroughly mobilized, the Pickering horde bore down upon O.L.C., scattering hydrants right

and left in their mad rush onward. After being ushered through the fateful portals of the College, the boys made their way rapidly toward the school gym where the most appetizing bevy of "Quail" to be seen in months awaited them. The hunting had begun. As usual the lads carried off the laurels, with Bob McBain and "Ducey" taking the spot dance and Al Wylie and his anonymous mistress winning the elimination wreathes. During the course of the evening our "hungry" hunters were provided with refreshments — most welcome. The fete ended with the singing by the ladies of their paternoster, and the partially satisfied hunters sadly took the homeward road, no doubt thinking of what golden opportunities they had missed and what brave deeds they would do if given a second chance.

* * * * *

The auditorium, thanks to Denny Burton, Ed Lowry and the rest of the decorating committee, was at last finished. Perhaps it rather reeked of ancient Greece or Rome, but then, at dances one doesn't mind. It's called atmosphere

"Have you ordered your corsage?"

"Sure! Gardenias. It's costing me two-fifty — that's plenty for a formal dance and anyway"

"Are the sandwiches ready?"

"Gee, we've spent more money than has so far been collected. We'll get it somewhere, though. Quite a few Old Boys will come."

. . . . All the girls had been invited, and corsages had been ordered. The stage was set for the big night. And just think — a long week-end too!

Then it happened!

"I'm sorry, boys. There's nothing we can do to break it. Scarlet Fever Quarantine has been declared. Everything is off!"

"What; No dance—no long week-end! I'll go mad."

Ah misery!

* * * * *

Swishing, swaying, throbbing back and forth; soft music in the air; pale light in the corners; a breeze whispering in the crepe streamers overhead. Yes, you've guessed it — the Pickering formal was on. And what a dance!—an eager gathering of the brave and fair, and Van de Walker with his orchestra—need I say that everybody had a wonderful time?

The auditorium decor was a modern resurrection of the ancient Greek styles—on a hill the Acropolis, gods and athletes looking down everywhere, white pillars riffling from the ceiling.

A plump Bacchus presided over the punch-bowl enticing with ample portions the straying revellers. The new day had just begun when the dance ended and lingeringly, happily, the entwined couples wended their ways home. O fragrant hours! O youth! O Terpsichore!

the quaker cracker

IN THE SPRING OF 1951 THE "QUAKER CRACKER" rounded out twenty years of frank and fearless journalism.

No name is so closely associated with the history of the "Cracker" as that of Ron Perry, its founder and guiding spirit through the first decade of its life. It is with great pride and affection that we here reprint his anniversary message to this, his oldest child. It is a message not only for the "Cracker" but for all of us at Pickering, past, present and to come.

twenty years on

When I received the letter asking me to write an article for the Anniversary issue of the "Cracker," I climbed to the attic and dug out my old copies of the "Cracker" and the "Voyageur" to invoke "the spirit of nostalgia" for Pickering. This was not difficult, and I spent a long, long time thinking about the "good old days".

As I read, the early years of a vigorous young Pickering flashed before me, with Captain McCulley at the wheel supported by a youthful and athletic group of officers, and a small but loyal crew. Not all of this early group have measured out twenty years. Many gave their lives in the war; others have passed on.

All of us then were joined by a common bond. For did we not assist in confusing the skeptics who gave Pickering only a few years to live? Were we not pioneering in small educational areas, chief of which was the right of the individual boy to be trained and developed as an individual?

Twenty years ago an editorial committee consisting of Steve Bond, Fred Toller, Roy Wood, Casey Woods and myself ventured to publish a school paper, which we first planned to call the "Quaker Quacker", but changed to "Quaker Cracker" because we did not approve of the implication of the word "quack".

The first issue, printed by the C. J. B. Wood Printing Company of Toronto, appeared at the Christmas dinner on December 16th, 1931. It contained seasonable stuff and a good mixture of athletic and general school news. Many names of boys and staff, long since famous, were included.

There was nothing to suggest that the "Cracker" would continue to exist for so many years, but the last paragraph of the editorial in this first issue is interesting and for many was prophetic. It read:

"And . . . say in twenty years' time, when we are prosperous cigar-smoking executives, it will be worth a new office desk and a change of stenographers to look over the old copies of the "Cracker", read something about ourselves and remark: "And was I really like that?"

Certainly a great many of the boys of twenty years ago have done well in business and professional life . . . and they were really like that!

Now, looking back I can see the significance of the early days at Pickering. And to all the Old Guard who may chance to read this, may I just say that you can never adequately repay the debt to Pickering and its influence on your character. Perhaps unconsciously, but nonetheless true, the pattern of your success in life was formed at Pickering, and your achievement is the school's generous dividend. And as successful men, it seems not only right but a duty for you to go back to your school and say "You helped me; what may I do in return?"

To those now at school, I should like to say: Be proud of your school. Fight for it, and work for it. And remember that twenty years on, you will be what you are because of what you did at school. You cannot afford to do less than your best!

And to the editors and writers associated with the "Cracker", may I wish you continued success. The paper gets better and better, and is proving to be a most valuable record of the life and times of Pickering

—RON PERRY



"Meathead" Lowry winning first prize at Hallowe'en dinner.

invitation clubs

the rooters



LEFT TO RIGHT: Williamson, Smart, Alger, Fourth Vice-President, Second Vice-President, Bates, Suarez, Baker.

STANDING: Van Royen, Sumner, Mr. Renzius, Barter.

SQUATTING: Calder.

“**I**N THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS”, that’s the way they identify the Rooter’s Club. A proud boast, and no idle one.

The only club in the school devoted to the study of science and mathematics finished up the year with the traditional banquet of turkey and baked Alaska dissolved in Pogo’s Pain Killer. We all agreed that it had been a memorable year. There were a number of very scientific gentlemen, who graced the roster of the club this year, such men as Jim Smart, Don Baker, Pete Van Royen and lots of other cold, calculating mathematicians. This year too, we had a graduate Rooter back in the club in the person of Ward Cornell. Ward left the school to acquit himself brilliantly in engineering at Queens and

is now back teaching English. Why, even before Rooters graduate they distinguish themselves. This year Don Calder, possessor of a crystal-clear analytical brain, won the Dow Award for chemistry, and Terry Sumner, club sucker-tary, was unanimously voted the Molson's Medal for creating a new angle for future Rooters to play.

In our occasional meetings on mathematical puzzles Mr. Rourke, who founded the club in 1842, would make triangles, circles, and sequences of numbers dance and gambol over the blackboard like gonifs to the complete bewilderment of everyone but himself and Archie. Archie understood fine. (The casual observer might think that there was a funny relation between brains and horn-rimmed glasses and waistlines, but of course, 'taint so.)

We went to a movie called "Destination Moon" for one meeting. And there was an instructive and hilarious visit to Hamilton Westinghouse.

Next year the club will be, by mathematical calculation, one year older and to returning Rooters we wish best of luck and sincere hopes for a year as good as this one.

polikon club



BACK ROW: Mr. Charles Beer, Moffat, Sutton, Widdrington, Mr. Charles Bryant, Kellock, Pfeiffer, Stewart, Grant, Mr. Harry Beer.

FRONT ROW: Baril, Skeith, Burton, Suider, Vassar, Lowry, Green, O'Brian, Harc, Phippen.

THE POLIKON CLUB ADDED STRENGTH to its foundation and lustre to its purpose this year, which we are sure has been its most successful yet. To supplement the sparkling debates and educational discussions the club entered into closer contacts with the world at large. This year, we became a member society of the United Nations Association from whom we receive publications and bulletins. We are establishing a programme of gift coupons, in which we help finance education in other countries through U.N.E.S.C.O.

To make this community more conscious of the need for world unity the club erected a United Nations flag in the assembly hall. And at a time when the political stability of the United States was seriously threatened by the disputes arising from the dismissal of General McArthur, we gave President Truman confidence and encouragement by telegraphing our approval of his actions.

Inwardly the club was strengthened by a thorough revision of its constitution. The debating field of the club was expanded from the discussion of politics and economics to include all social problems of general interest. The secondary purpose of developing the oratorical ability of the members was somewhat neglected this year. Of course the members get abundant practice in this art, but some specific instruction should, we feel, be introduced.

On the assumption that every Polikon man will be a Member of Parliament some day, the procedure at the meetings was altered to resemble more closely that of the Canadian House of Commons. We now address, not the President, but Mr. Speaker, and our lucubrations are recorded, not by a Secretary, but by the Clerk of the House.

The year ended on a lighter note when Max Ferguson, better known as "Rawhide", entertained the club at dinner with a fascinating discussion of his lively career in radio. The evening provided a brilliant close to a cosmopolitan and cultured year.

thirty club

IN THE OPINION of the level-headed students of the school the Thirty Club is the *only* club. Of course the thing that really stands out in the memory is the magnificent repast which climaxed each meeting. But let not the reader condemn the "30" Club as a convention of gluttons. Rather say that we are members of the ageless fellowship of gourmets, having an eye and a taste for the better half of the culinary art. Even now you may say, "But do they only eat?" The answer is no! Many problems which have confounded the modern world and indeed, still confound members of the Club, have been thrashed out in our meetings. Indeed, one member even brought all his learned brothers to our aid. Many were the nights when speakers would wax so grandiloquent that riots almost ensued. Education proved to be the topic of our most heady debates and it was only the unruffled calm of the presidents (Messrs. Mencik, Storie and Bullock) which prevented the call for a riot squad.



FRONT ROW: Mr. Meikle, J. Luck, Maguire, Storie, McBain, Bullock, Meneik.
 SECOND ROW: Barron, Dobson, Hamilton, Purves-Smith, Allen, R. Luck.
 BACK ROW: MacMillan, Morrison, Wigston.

But wait! You must be fearfully bored, listening to me droning on. I know what you're waiting for—the final banquet. Such a banquet, conducted under the able leadership of Messrs. Storie, Maguire, McBain, and Hamilton was never before equalled in the annals of Pickering. Mr. Fred Hagan of the Ontario School of Art was a most entertaining speaker. Thus we closed the minute book on the final chapter of the "30" Club, '50-'51.

princeps club

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE PEOPLE who have never taken Latin I would first like to explain the word "Princeps". To be brief, it means "leader". By no means do we profess to be leaders now, but our aim is to produce in some people the qualities which go to make up leadership. We try to accomplish this by giving responsibilities to individuals and by practice in debating and speaking.

This year we had many good debates and inspiring talks. As usual the food was of excellent quality. There were two meetings in particular this year in which we accomplished a great deal. One complete meeting we spent discussing the constitution and our future plans; as a result we were at a complete and unclouded understanding as to our purpose at the end of the meeting. In the other meeting we discussed the school in every phase of its life and in the end we drew the only possible conclusion, that the school was a "good thing".



BACK ROW: *Small, Bennett, Richardson, Benness, Harvey, Drew.*

FRONT ROW: *Cameron, Crawford, Barkell, Helwig, Ames, Chisholm, Van Vliet.*

The Princeps club is proud to say that they are not possessed by the curse of "Glorious Tradition". As a result we were able to revolutionize club final banquets. It was decided that we would abandon the usual stuffed-shirt banquet and become real down-to-earth nature men. As a result we had probably the best banquet in the annals of the club. We set our course for ninety miles north of Newmarket and took our food with us. The day was spent in eating, swimming, hiking and enjoying nature. We returned contented, feeling none the worse for having committed the unpardonable act of trying something new.

Next year the club will be well represented by returning old boys and I hope that they will keep up the good work. Here's to good luck and an even better year coming up. "Bene provisa *Principes* ponantur".

* * * * *

art exhibit

During February an exhibition at the College of paintings by Fred Hagan, Eric Freifeld and Harley Parker aroused much interest among the boys and drew many visitors.

athletics

football



SENIOR TEAM

BACK ROW: *Mr. Lanier, Mike Hare, Barter, Maguire, Skeith, Kellock, Vassar, Bennett, Benness, Baker, McBain, Bill Richardson and Mr. Rourke.*

FRONT ROW: *Snider, Ames, Calder, Hamilton, Bullock, Sumner (Capt.) Mencik, O'Brian, Storie, Helwig, Moffatt.*

THE SENIOR TEAM CERTAINLY POSSESSED a number of able players, however we lacked depth or reserves. We started the season with 21 and at times played with as few as 14. Nearly everyone had to learn to play two or more positions. This situation, while giving everyone a good opportunity to show his stuff in games, made it difficult to develop a smoothly functioning team.

A team's success is usually judged on the basis of its wins and losses. On this basis we had a fair season, winning 4 and tying 1 out of 9 games. The team could have had a better season had they played more as a compact unit, striving together, rather than as individuals. If we had achieved this, at least three more games might have been won.

During the course of the season there were some highlights and some embarrassing moments. There was the first win the team had had for some time that came in the second game of the season against Barrie; the five-hour bus trip, via the ditch, to Lakefield and then playing on an empty stomach with only four substitutes and finishing with two; the games with U.C.C. II's when we were beaten before we started certainly provided us our moments of embarrassment; the snowball fight at Barrie while the referee tried to find the touch lines; the games with U.T.S. when we watched a good passing attack work against a weak defense to pile up a big score. The highlight of the season in terms of thrills, spirit and drive came in the S.A.C. game. The team never

looked better than in that final quarter when they took fire and played as an inspired team, just barely failing to overtake S.A.C.'s big lead. It was the only game when we showed that we could come from behind, with everyone doing his job to produce long gains, both on the ground and in the air, resulting in two (almost three) touchdowns in the last five minutes.

Many thanks are due to Mike Hare who was always on the job as Manager, also to Bill Richardson, who lent a hand in taking on some of the coaching.

To those who will wear the colours of a higher institution of learning, next year, we wish you success. To those coming back this Fall we count on you as the nucleus around which to form a successful team to carry the Blue and Silver colours onto the fields of 1951.



JUNIOR A TEAM

FRONT ROW: Dobson, Sutton, Stewart, Bates, Drew (Capt.) King, Chisholm, Baril, McAteer.

SECOND ROW: Armstrong, Brown, Van Vliet, Allen, Lowry, Morrison, Purves-Smith, Mr. Jackson.

BACK ROW: MacMillan, Harvey, Van Royen, Smart, Johnston, Green, Cameron.

Under the able coaching of Barney Jackson the Junior A squad was able to pull out of a slow start to turn in some very impressive wins. The Blue and Silver defeated Appleby, Grove, U.T.S. Thirds, and U.C.C., lost two close ones with S.A.C. and were decisively beaten by U.T.S. Seconds and Ridley. Considering the fact that the team was exceptionally green to start with, it can be said that "Barney" did wonders and led them through a good season.

This year the Junior "B" team only won one game, but they benefitted greatly from the expert coaching of Mr. Blackstock and Big Bill Armstrong. Many of the boys had never played football before, but a happy, if statistically unsuccessful year was had by all.



BACK ROW: Mr. C. Beer, Adler, Alger, Mickle, Chase, Gutierrez, Mr. Penner.
FRONT ROW: R. Luck, D. Thomson, Suarez, Vaucrosson, Paterson, Walters, J. Luck.

soccer

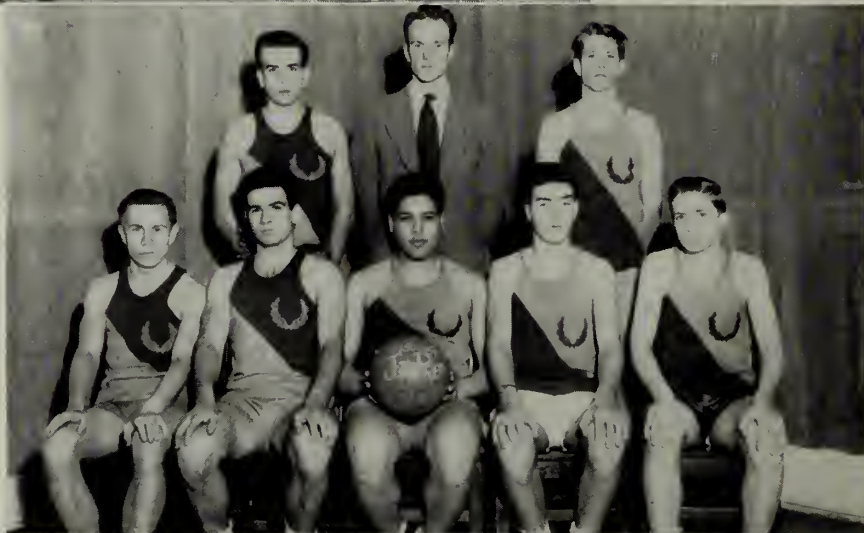
THIS YEAR'S TEAM WITNESSED what may prove to have been the first faint glimmerings on the horizon. A win was achieved, a solitary win, all the more splendid for its isolation, shining as it does like a beacon in the dark. For oh! how black was that darkness! For two seasons past had we hungered and were not fed, save by the managerial hand dispensing oranges at half-time. And defeat was bitter on many a day this season too. U.C.C. and T.C.S. made mock of us and dragged our sweaters in the mire. Bradford shook their fists at us, and went unseathed. And weary practice succeeded weary practice. The brow of our chief grew thunderous and we durst not look upon him. But then, one bright October afternoon, *at home* (how just are the gods) we rose up and smote St. Andrews. Nothing could we do wrong that day, and we knew the thrill that comes with the achievement of form. And knew that there would be other such days.

There were some who stood out, in victory and in defeat. Memorable were the lofty, field-length hoists of Captain Charles Vaucrosson who was a pillar of strength in defence (and, alas, only a pillar up front), the superb artistry and grace of forward Suarez, the drive and strength of centre half Paterson, the flashes of brilliance we saw in winger John Luck, the coolness under fire of goalie Chase, the bull-terrier doggedness of Alex Hadaro.

To their coach, John Penner, who works them, curses them, watches over them and sometimes (but rarely) smiles upon them; who is resolution itself: to him they owe everything. Without him they are nothing. With him, they or their successors, will some day, some year, come out of the wilderness.



Senior Prep



Junior Prep



*Senior
North York*

basketball

ST. ANDREW'S, U.T.S. AND PICKERING ran a close race in the Senior Prep. Basketball League this year. Each of these three teams split its two game series with each of the other two schools. However, U.T.S. also split its games with Upper Canada College to finish a close second, with St. Andrews and Pickering tied for first place. Upper Canada and T.C.S. with enthusiastic but inexperienced teams provided good opposition throughout the season.

Pickering played off with St. Andrews for the league Championship at Hart House. Before a good crowd the tall lads from St. Andrews won a well-earned victory after trailing by nine points at half time. A last period rally by Pickering was not sufficient to overtake the lead which St. Andrews had established in a brilliant third quarter. It did, however, sweeten defeat a little for the Blue and Silver team.

All in all, it was a good year in a good league. Exhibition games with Lawrence Park, Ridley, Danforth Tech and others helped to round out an enjoyable season. We look forward to welcoming the returning members of the senior squad, plus some promising juniors of this past season. We say good-bye with regret and best wishes to Capt. Dave Bullock and the other veterans who go to play on other floors.

THE OLD TIMERS OF BASKETBALL, otherwise known as the Senior North York Team, met with tough competition in the district high school league but the boys put on a good show every time out and came up with their share of wins.

Front line shotsmiths Hamilton, Storie, Barkell, Smart and O'Brian were always dangerous around the basket and worked well with rearguard masterminds Benness, McBain and Vassar. Manager, ballboy, and cheerleader Jorge Gutierrez, did a good job of keeping team spirit high throughout the season. And Charley Bryant was a devoted coach who nursed his charges with un-failing patience and understanding.

SENIOR PREP

BACK ROW: *Mr. Jackson, Barter, Skeith, Hare, Small, Mickle, Allen, Mr. Rourke.*

FRONT ROW: *Helwig (Mgr.), Suarez, Ames, Bullock (Capt.), Bennett, Van Royen, Stone.*

JUNIOR PREP

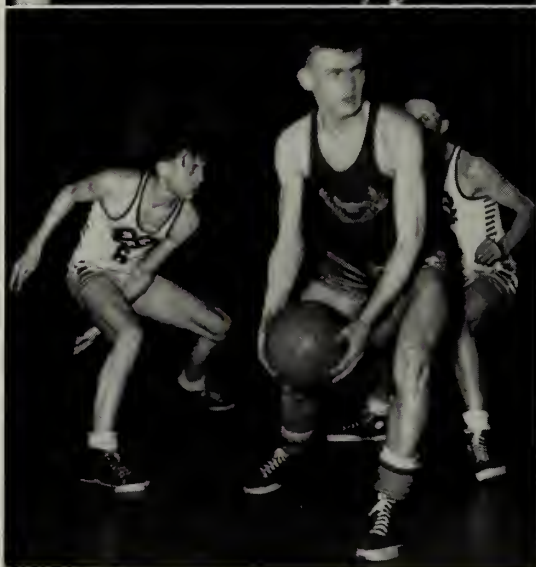
BACK ROW: *Kellock, Mr. Lanier, Cameron.*

FRONT ROW: *Purves-Smith, Baker, Vaucrosson, Harvey, Lowry.*

SENIOR NORTH YORK

BACK ROW: *Gutierrez (Mgr.), Storie, Smart, O'Brian, Mr. Bryant.*

FRONT ROW: *McBain, Barkell, Benness, Hamilton, Grant.*



Our Senior Prep finalists in action during the play-off with S.A.C. at Hart House and in the game with Guelph at Pickering.

THE JR. PREP. TURNED IN A FAIR SEASON, winning six out of twelve games. A number of these were lost by only a small margin. Most of these close games could have been won if the team had played in closer harmony.

The regular team was composed of only seven players. Three of the Jr. North York players helped out the team when we were short handed.

We finished third in the league standing by defeating both T.C.S. and U.C.C. Everyone improved as the season progressed, especially in terms of their own skill and knowledge. The one major weakness was an occasional lack of team spirit and unselfish play.

Once and for all let us clear up the question of the names of the Junior North York "B" and "H" teams. The "B" stands for Basketball, and the "H" for Hockey. The "B's" were primarily devoted to basketball while the "H's" were interested in hockey but wished to play basketball also. The members learned much of the fundamentals of the game and several showed real promise for the future. In one outstanding game against Aurora the "B" team came close to a win, displaying the fire and fight that denote true competitors. The teams were mothered by Bill Richardson who aged visibly through the season but never gave up.

hockey

THE MEMORIES OF THE OLD TIMERS report that there used to be winter in these parts six months of the year; that ice covered the streams and lakes for many months. Under such conditions it was natural for everyone to learn to skate and for most boys to become fairly good hockey players.

Nowadays winter doesn't invade these parts for so long. Natural ice is hard to keep even in rinks. One result of this is that there are fewer and fewer hockey players turning up at the school. Having artificial ice in the town rink has been a great boon to us these last two seasons. We can get more students on ice regularly for skating and hockey and we can be sure that the games we arrange will be played.

The First team showed the benefit of having regular practices and games. Now that we have organized teams at four levels we can have a crop of experienced players coming up to the First team each season. First team players who came up from the Seconds of the previous season added strength to our team.

The Firsts had one of the best seasons in a long while. They worked together as a team well and stood up under pressure on nearly all occasions. Old hands lent balance and strength; the new hands added enthusiasm and drive. This combination makes hockey a good game and there is fun in the game for the players. We look forward to another season and more improvement in the calibre of hockey that will be played. With Keith MacLaren back on the coaching staff the three squads will be well coordinated.



Senior Team



Second Team



Third Team

The Second team did not meet with as much success as did the Firsts. Mr. Cornell was forced to build his team from the beginning because most of last year's team moved up to Senior ranks, consequently the team lacked experienced players at the second team level. The season, although winless, was valuable. Skating and stick handling skills were much improved and the playing of Doug McAteer, Pete Green, Don Sears, Bob King and Jim Van Vliet indicate that hockey is once more on the upswing at Pickering and that it won't be long before the Blue and Silver win their share of games.

The Third team and the Prep team experienced an enjoyable season. Games were played with S.A.C., T.C.S. and Bradford. The performances of Baxter, Defoe, Chase and Brownlee suggest future success.

SENIOR TEAM

BACK ROW: *Mr. Blackstock, Sumner, Alger, MacMillan, Phippen (Mgr.) Mr. Rourke.*

FRONT ROW: *Stewart, Mencik, Moffat, Maguire, Drew.*

SECOND TEAM

BACK ROW: *Mr. Cornell, Dobson, McAteer, Coburn, Dobson, Armstrong, Morrison, Sutton.*

FRONT ROW: *King, Burton, Van Vliet, Green, Sears.*

THIRD TEAM

BACK ROW: *La Palme, Defoe, Somerville, Paterson, Wilkinson, Kelso, McCusker, Hill, Widdrington, Mr. Armstrong.*

FRONT ROW: *Baxter, Ruys, Hansen.*

spring term

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO LOVE, but not at Pickering; we play lacrosse. For a few weeks smells of liniment and tired running shoes dominated the corridors while the infirmary lists mounted with increasing rapidity. Yes, lacrosse was once again upon us. But regardless of the bloody noses and bruised shins we had a very successful and enjoyable season.

The softball season opened to the blare of trumpets, the rolls of drums and the plunking of ukuleles. The Headmaster, who was driven to the diamond by his own private chauffeur, appropriately opened the season by swinging at the first ball (which was a "ball" and he did swing) of the year. The participating clubs strolled around the infield and Bill (the blindman) Purves-Smith yelled "play ball!"

Four softball teams, namely:—Maguire's Sluggers, Hare's Rabbits, MacMillan's Maulers, and Sumner's Crushers comprised the school league this year. After a closely fought battle Hare's Rabbits turned up victorious at the end of the season by defeating MacMillan's Maulers in the final game. The winning team was sparked by the pitching of George Chase who was backed by such powerful hitters as Bill Armstrong and Al Snider. (Watch these boys, "Lippy"). The senior all star team coached by Mr. Cornell won two of its three games with Newmarket High School and also defeated Aurora High.

Charlie Bryant spent a busy Spring Term transporting himself and other golf enthusiasts to and from the Aurora links. Much cussing and story-telling was heard but there were a few good rounds of the "old man's game" played. Pete Harvey took the cake with a two under par 34. Wally Meikle was his hottest competitor for low score.

Sounds of zooming tennis balls and twanging gut (catgut that is) were heard frequently during the wee hours of the morning on several occasions. It is rumored that such aged gentlemen as Messieurs Meikle, Bryant, Jewell and Lanier formed this early morning tennis club. During the day-time the courts were always loaded with amateurs and the old pro showed his skill at times.

As usual 98% of the students participated in the track and field programme. Lou, Blackie, and Keith were kept busy showing the athletes the correct methods of jumping, running and chucking.

The senior track and field team easily beat Uxbridge in the first meet of the season, with firsts in every event. In a Senior and Intermediate meet S.A.C. trounced Pickering in the field events but we were successful in most of the track events. However S.A.C. won the meet by a fair margin. It was in this meet that Burt Kellock broke several track records. A Junior meet with S.A.C. also proved unsuccessful for Pickering.

sports day

OF COURSE, THE CULMINATION OF TRACK AND FIELD is our annual sports day, on which every fellow gets out and tries his hardest to win something. Old Man Weather proved entirely favourable, although towards the end of the afternoon he did spit a bit because the Blue Team didn't win Sports Day. All sorts of distinguished visitors turned up for this event.. All sorts of records fell and the competition was magnificent. We had one of the inter-collegiate football announcers come down to do the announcing and all in all, the day was a wonderful success. For the record, let it be said that the Red team put on a splendid drive to capture the Sports Day Championship, although the Silvers, by dint of an admirably sustained effort over the long haul, led in the final standings for the year.

* * * * *

INTRAMURAL STANDINGS

1. SILVER	Ivan Mencik
2. RED	Al Snider
3. BLUE	John Bennett

SPORTS DAY STANDINGS

1. RED	Ab Underhill
2. SILVER	Charlie Vassar
3. BLUE	Tom Storie

preparatory department

C. R. BLACKSTOCK (*Director*)

W. H. JACKMAN (*Housemaster*) - A. H. JEWELL

Tutors: BILL RICHARDSON - ALAN WYLIE

Matron: MRS. V. HENDERSON - *Nurse*: MRS. R. ELLEKER

Housemother: MRS. A. WRIGHT

THE PRESENT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DEPARTMENT is ten years old this spring. The small group of students who met together in the fall of 1940 pioneered modern Pickering's effort to run such a department.

There was considerable doubt as to our ability to make the "Pickering system" work with younger boys. Many consultations were held during the first two or three years with experts in the field of elementary education. The plans and procedures were checked and tested. Everyone endeavoured to keep an open mind about the department and to learn from experience.

The Prep soon became an accepted part of Pickering. This group of thirty to forty students has helped to round out our job of educating boys. Many of the students have stayed on to complete their high school education.

The small group has been ideal with which to conduct studies in curriculum and procedures. One of these was the arts-crafts programme which the specialist teacher set up as a graded programme of study. Another was the project in outdoor education conducted on the school farm during several spring terms.

Most recently the Prep, has carried out "pilot" trials in school camping. We had the cooperation of the Departments of Education and Lands and Forests for both of these. We found that it was feasible to take boys in grades 7 and 8 to the "bush" during two seasons of the year for a week's time to make a concentrated study of conservation. Trips away from the school for extended periods of time for grades below 7 proved to be less feasible and after the first trial were abandoned for school-based spring studies out-of-doors.

We believe it is safe to say that the Pickering philosophy of education can be applied for boys of elementary school age. These first ten years have shown that. There needs to be some modification of the responsibilities and freedoms the boys have, to suit their ages and experience. For the most part the Prep. has been a happy second home for a goodly number of boys who have caught the Pickering spirit of friendliness. Many lasting friendships have started there; many have absorbed the idea of service to others.

Pickering is indebted to many boys, now young men, who have taken part in the pioneer efforts of our Prep. There will be more experiments and ventures into untried areas during the next ten years. Future generations of the Prep. will have their chance to have a part in "exploration, discovery and adventure" along the frontiers of elementary school education.

this year in review

AT THE END OF THE SPRING TERM one always wonders just where in the world the year has gone and just what we have done with it. On sitting down to think about it we find that we have done a great deal. In the Fall, we welcomed back many of the boys from the previous year. We found that the same masters, Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Jackman and Mr. Jewell were with us again. We also had quite a number of new boys to introduce to our school. Mr. Houston was back to teach music, Mrs. Hathaway, a charming addition to our staff, taught crafts to Grade 5 and 6, Mr. Renzius to Grade 7 and 8. Bill Richardson and Alan Wylie, both Old Boys of the Senior School, were this year's tutors. Mrs. Wright succeeded Mrs. Zimmerman as housemother.

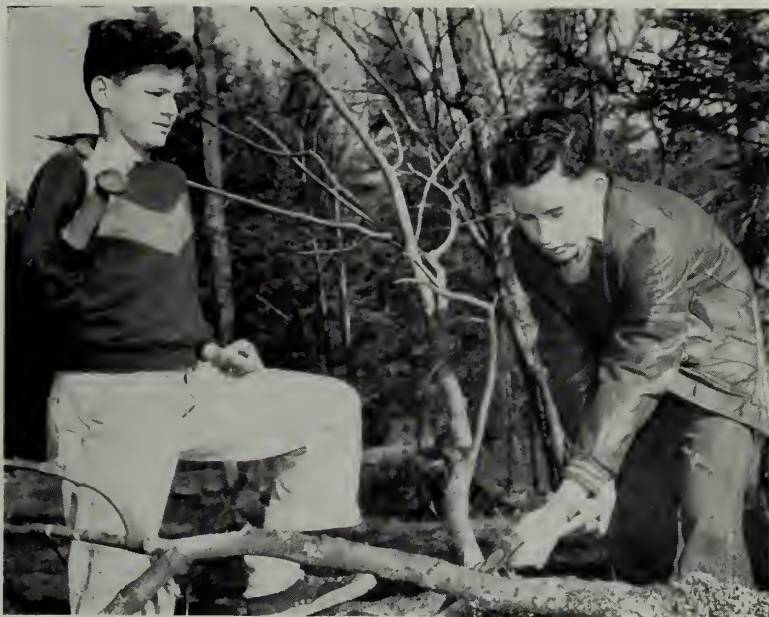
The highlights of the Fall term were: the soccer team, which broke even on the season; the excursion to the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto to inquire into Indian lore; the renewal of the Model Railway Club, which had a large membership and which was bolstered considerably by a generous gift from an Old Boy, namely a beautiful cabinet in which to build a "layout"—the Old Boy? oh yes, Jim Eakins, now superintendent of an institution of learning in the West; the Hallowe'en party; Parent's Day, when we put on our usual exhibition of scrubbed faces and polished floors and sold Cokes to raise funds for the Model Railway Club; and finally, the big night when Santa Claus visited us at our Christmas banquet.

During the Winter term Grades 4, 5 and 6 exhibited a great interest in fish, setting up an aquarium containing a variety of finny and plant life. We had a sleighing party which, amazingly enough, everyone survived to enjoy a scrumptious feed provided by some of the ladies of the community. We visited the cinema now and then, (who will forget "Destination Moon"?). The outstanding feature of the winter term was the success of the Prep hockey team which won 7 out of 8 games, the best record of any Prep hockey team to date. Before we knew it, Easter was upon us and another term was over.

The Spring term was a busy one. The first important item was Grade 7 & 8's second school camping trip to Limberlost, which is described elsewhere. The junior class, as their Spring project, spent a great deal of time around the school grounds repairing lawns, planting grass and flowers, renovating the out-door fish pond, etc. Baseball, both hard and soft, was very popular. Some of the boys, on an unofficial Spring project, built a drain to provide a swimming pool which they used "unofficially" and thereby hangs a tale . . .

Track and field was the chief activity of the season. Besides taking a large share in the events of Sports Day, the Prep also had a Games Day—a successful and very enjoyable one—at U.C.C. And then without warning — examinations, the Firth House dinner (at which our guest speaker was Old Boy Jake Struthers, of the Newmarket Era & Express), and the Athletic banquet were upon us in rapid succession.

So after all, our year was put to many uses. Of course, throughout all this enjoyable activity we had to devote a little time and thought to things academic and we did have a graduating class. Good luck to them.



Our young woodsmen at Limberlost

school camping

LAST YEAR THE PICKERING COLLEGE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT tried its first experiment in school camping. The experiment proved so successful that we decided it would be worthwhile experimenting further this year.

Along with twenty-two boys from Forest Hill Junior High School in Toronto, our Grades 7 and 8 went to Limberlost Lodge near Huntsville for a week in April. We chose Limberlost Lodge because the natural surroundings were suitable for the studies we wished to make; the forests, the saw mills, the wild life, the trappers, the lumbermen and the Forestry School were all conveniently located with respect to the Lodge; excellent accommodation, interested co-operation and good recreational facilities—fishing and horseback-riding—were available here too.

We made a number of expeditions and learned a lot about fish and wild life, weather and trees and local history. Officials from the Dept. of Lands and Forests were among our instructors.

We feel that this year's trip was highly successful. We learned how such trips could be improved and we showed to such visitors as officials from the Dept. of Education that this type of project had value. It already is apparent that our lead in school camping will be followed. It is very likely that this kind of expedition will be a permanent feature of co-curricular activities at Pickering College.

—W. H. JACKMAN

old boys' association

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The presentation to Mr. Maitland at the Old Boys' banquet

THE ABOVE EXECUTIVE WAS ELECTED at the annual meeting of the Association in Toronto in January of this year when a pleasant social evening was enjoyed by the Old Boys of Toronto and district. This executive has been most active. There were two dances held at the Old Mill; two or three basketball games played at the College; and the members were kept well-informed by a lively bulletin service which was mainly the work of Al Rogers and Vic Wood.

The executive travelled to Pickering in March for a joint meeting with the staff. It was there decided that the Old Boys would be more interested in activities centred at the College rather than social events in Toronto. Tentative

plans were made for a reunion weekend at the school during the Easter holidays of 1952, which will be the 25th anniversary of the re-opening of the school under Joseph McCulley. It was decided that this event should be planned well in advance in the hope that many old staff and Old Boys from distant points would attend. A bulletin concerning the details of this event will be issued in the Fall.

As a tribute to the long and faithful service of Mr. Maitland, it was agreed that an Old Boys' Banquet should be held in his honour on Saturday May the fifth, at the College. The guest speaker was Joe McCulley whose address is printed elsewhere in this issue. On behalf of the Old Boys, President Harry Peace presented Mr. Maitland with a silver tray inscribed with the words "Twenty-five years of friendship". Nearly a hundred Old Boys and friends were present, proving that the new policy of the executive in focussing activities at the College was a sound one.

The outstanding contribution of the Old Boys to the school (Memorial Field) has already proved to be an invaluable asset. Those of you who were present on Sports Day will vouch for the beauty and grandeur of its setting. The Memorial Fund Committee would like to remind solvent Old Boys that the Association still has commitments to meet before the field is entirely paid for.

As Old Boys we all feel that the first responsibility of our Association is to help the school in whatever way possible, as evidence of our abiding faith in the Pickering way of education. It was therefore most heartening to learn that the Old Boys of Lethbridge, Alberta had established an annual scholarship at Pickering for a deserving student of their choice. This scholarship was held during the past year by Dennis Burton of Lethbridge. We feel that no finer contribution than this can be made to the life of the school, and hope Old Boys in other centres may find a similar project worthy of support.

staff notes

THE VOYAGEUR TAKES GREAT PLEASURE in welcoming three brides to the school community this year. Mrs. Lanier (the former Betty Nicholson) joined us in December Mr. and Mrs. Lanier will occupy the Firth House apartment next year Miss Doris Proctor and Keith McLaren were married in Newmarket on June 16th and are spending the summer at Camp Mazinaw Miss Stina Möller and John Penner were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Renzius on June 23rd and spent their honeymoon in Western Canada We extend a warm welcome to these charming newcomers and hope to see them amongst us often.

Mrs. Rosamund Elleker arrived from Winnipeg in September to be the school nurse and has won many friends by her kindness and good humour.

There are several departures to be noted this year Pete Bastedo is leaving us to return to business Sydney Webster has taken a position

with the Prudential Life Insurance Company of America in Toronto Bill Armstrong is, in his words, "heading West!" To these three good friends of Pickering we wish the best of fortune in their future careers and hope they will keep in touch with the school. They won't be forgotten on the hilltop Mr. and Mrs. Bryant are returning to Alberta with Stephen. Charlie says they are, figuratively speaking, going "back to the land." Bon voyage and good luck!

Our tutors are proceeding to the University of Toronto Bill Richardson is entering the Physics and Chemistry Course (we shall miss those mocasins) and Al Wylie is going to be a doctor.

Summer holidays will be busy for most of the staff who will be scattered far and wide as usual. The Headmaster is visiting Edmonton on matters mathematical. We note that Harry Beer will be attending McGill University's Summer School in French Barney Jackson will again be program director at Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching Blackie will again be on the job at Camp Mazinaw and Henry Jackman is returning to summer school at the University of Western Ontario Wally Meikle and Frank Houston have sailed away for a summer in England, lucky dogs! Charles Beer hopes to get as far as *New* England.

Aside from the departures noted above, it is expected that the rest of the staff will be with us in September. Don Stewart is returning to take charge of the Classics department. Welcome back, Don!

The Voyageur wishes to congratulate our headmaster on his election to the presidency of the Canadian Headmasters' Association of Independent Schools for Boys.

Mrs. Rourke and Mrs. Jackson again took leading roles in Frank Houston's operettas at Simpson Avenue United Church and, to the school contingent in the audience, were undoubtedly the stars of the performance.

Henry Jackman's Badminton Club was very active and flourishing this year and is now five years old.

The most exclusive society in the school this year was probably the Firth House Supper Club which met at irregular intervals and places and is now defunct.

Two notable stag parties were given this year, for Lou Lanier on the eve of his marriage, and for John Penner and Keith McLaren on a similar occasion. At the latter affair was composed the immortal "Matrimonial Blues" of pianist Jake Struthers.

Miss Gwen Wilmot has left our secretarial staff and has been replaced by Mrs. Jeannette Olson.

To our domestic staff, we welcome Mrs. Wright as House-mother of Firth House, and bid farewell to the veteran Ernie Brown and Mrs. Zimmerman, both of whom will be remembered by many generations of Pickering students.

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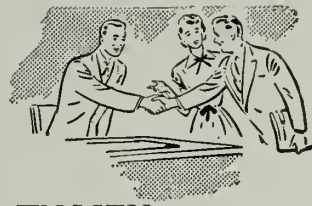
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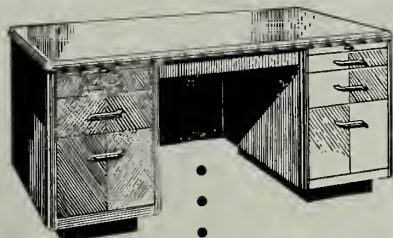
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